

Good 275 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



A.B. KENNETH BIRCHALL—OLWYN'S

*love letter
is here*

WE'VE got a very important message for A.B. Kenneth Raymond Birchall. It's a love-letter from Olwyn... but hold it, boys. Olwyn is Ken's three-year-old cousin.

She says: "We're all waiting for Uncle Ken to sink Hitler and come home."

Fifteen-year-old Sheila, your sister, has left school and is now working. She is very happy at her job, she told us.

Stanley is still at school, but waiting impatiently to follow in your footsteps. Need we say, your mother has other ideas on the subject.

Mavis has been working hard at night school, and as a result she is now a shorthand-typist in a big aircraft factory.

Your father has also gone up one and is inspecting on the buses now.

While we were at your home, Ken, we had a delicious cup of coffee which your mother made for us. She is keeping

well, and sends her love to you. She wants to know if you are receiving your mail, as she writes regularly.

Everyone missed you at Christmas, and instead of the Birchall family holding a party, they went out to one instead. The girls thought it would be mouldy without you and your pals.

Fred Wilkinson, that little scamp you used to chase round on your motor-bike, has been to stay. He is quite grown up now and wears long pants. He misses the motor-bike, and sighed for the old days.

He has just joined the Sea Cadets. Evidently he intends to follow you, too.

All's well at home, Ken, and all send their love. Good Hunting!

BLONDE TRESSES WORTH QUIDS

Says
Ronald Garth

In Britain a million people wear wigs or toupees, and more men wear wigs than women.

There is more in this hair business than meets the eye. German women were recently asked to send their unwanted locks to carpet factories. People who wear mohair coats little suspect they may be partly clad in human hair from China or Peru.

Thoroughly sterilised, the pigtails sacrificed to modernism have become fine-meshed sieves as well, and some have been used for making "camel-hair" brushes. China hair is the cheapest and coarsest known.

The most valuable hair is white, perhaps because elderly women do not part easily with their last remaining curls.

There are still agents of banks who are willing to advance money for human hair.

One American confidence trickster persuaded bankers on both sides of the Atlantic to advance £200,000 for a cargo of white curls that did not exist.

Most of the white wig hair in shop-windows is faked, and is really blonde hair bleached and re-bleached until it has no colour.

PRETTY blondes and red-heads are walking about Sydney with a price on their heads.

Their brilliant hair is valuable in the manufacture of precision instruments, and some of the girls have already sold their tresses to help the Australian Comforts Fund.

Thousands of pounds' worth of women's hair is stored in London warehouses. London has always been a centre of the trade in hair for wigs, halo plaits, dolls and window dummies.

Italy's peasant maidens used to provide traders with the finest hair in the world at a guinea an ounce. The water-bleached locks of Brittany used to fetch £3 an ounce for their rarity.

Annual "hair fairs" were a feature of country life in Northern Italy and France.

Few Englishwomen sell their hair, but some of the locks of Europe's beauties are being worn to-day by Service girls who like artificial curlers to make them look more feminine when off duty.

Woven into toupees, it lies easily upon the heads of film and stage stars nearing middle age.

Great wigmakers like Ira Senz and Jean Servant can make toupees for such men as Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer, which, mounted on flesh-coloured hair lace, are undetectable.

WINE — WOMEN — BAYONETS!

BATTLING SIKI IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

W. H. Millier takes lid off astounding Dublin Story

BATTLING SIKI and his party arrived in Dublin in state. They were accompanied by an armed guard.

The reason for the armed guard was to pacify Siki and to take care of him. He was told it was to protect him; but the guard was there to make sure also that he did not turn in his tracks.

Jim Harris was a tired man, and looked to have lost a stone in weight. He had not had one complete night's sleep for a fortnight, and now intended to sleep and sleep and sleep. If he ever awakened—a proceeding he thought doubtful at the time—he would in due course tell his story. It would keep.

It was as well that he was allowed to have his double innings of sleep, for he could never have completed his tale and have kept awake. In sheer length it meant a marathon effort for a tired man.

Shorn of its trimmings, it boiled down to this: Harris, having found Siki in Paris, had to work diplomatically to persuade him to alter his decision about not going to Ireland. In the ordinary course of events the business is discussed with the boxer's manager, which is usually simple and fairly straightforward.

MULETEER HARRIS.

In this instance it was complicated by the fact that three managers claimed to have Siki under contract. The particular one whom Harris knew best had no control over the negro in his present mood, and the others had scarcely any more.

Harris decided that his only chance of success lay in dealing direct with the negro. It did not take him long to discover that a team of untrained mules would be more tractable.

Harris was patient and resourceful, and brought every inducement to bear. He knew that one great weakness of the

negro was his fondness for the company of beautiful women. Beauty and the beast.

WOMEN . . .

He therefore secured the assistance of some seductive sirens and informed Siki that they were going with him to Ireland.

It was not quite so simple as it may sound recounted here, but suffice it to say that the sirens succeeded in luring Siki away from Paris.

This was a great step in the direction Harris wanted him to go, but there were more difficulties. In ordinary circumstances Siki would have been brought from France to England and then taken over to Ireland, but since he had been banned by the Home Office he could not land in England.

Flying was not so easy in 1923 as it is nowadays, and it is to be doubted whether the negro would have boarded a plane, even if one had been available.

Eventually a means was found of getting direct from France to Ireland, and then Siki finally and stubbornly refused to set foot aboard ship, sirens or no beautiful sirens.

. . . AND WINE.

Harris was not beaten. He had long made up his mind to Shanghai Siki, failing all other means, if only he could get him close enough to salt water. Women had won through so far, now see what wine would do.

That was the way Harris went to work. Siki was taken aboard feet first, as many another has been taken since ships first sailed the seas.

When they reached port and landed after the usual delay, Siki might have been reconciled to his stay in Ireland if he had

THERE'S MONEY IN GOLF

GOLF was not Britain's most popular game, but it was probably the one that turns over most money. In normal years the annual turnover was estimated at £25,000,000. This is how the money went, and will go again when peace comes.

There are 2,000-odd private golf clubs in Britain. The lowest subscription was about five guineas. If you reckon an

average membership of 300, it is easy to make a conservative estimate of £4,000,000 on subscriptions and entrance fees.

But there are also 300 public courses, charging from one to

two shillings a round.

Golfers spend generously on their clubs and balls; £2,500,000 a year went on golf clubs before the war, and £1,000,000 on golf balls. A single club could cost from 10s. to five times that sum.

Professionals engaged in teaching made sums varying enormously. The usual method of payment is a retainer from the club, which may be as little as £50 a year and fees from the players. Hundreds averaged £5 a week all the year round.

About one in five made over £1,000. Henry Cotton was outstanding, and his earnings from teaching, exhibitions, matches and writing have been estimated at £100 a week.

The value of competitions to professionals lay much more in increasing their earnings from other sources than in the prize-money. The majority probably lost on every competition they entered.

The total value of professional prizes was about £14,000 a year. Alfred Padgham, in 1936, won £1,100 in prize-money in a few months. But this is exceptional.

Caddies were estimated to earn £2,000,000 a year, but their individual earnings varied as



not been held up at the point of a gun and ordered to reveal any arms. That was enough for him, and it was at that point that Harris had to ask for help from Dublin.

From the moment of his arrival to the day of his departure he was guarded by an armed member of the police.

That this was necessary was proved by subsequent events.

With Siki actually in training in Ireland, the promoters began to feel that a great load had been lifted from their shoulders. The show had been fixed for St. Patrick's Day.

AN IRISH HOLIDAY.

Scarcely had they finished congratulating themselves and Jim Harris on his remarkable accomplishment than another load was dropped on them with the weight of an avalanche.

It was an order from the I.R.A. to the effect that St. Patrick's Day was to be set aside and observed as a national day of mourning for the men of the Irish Republican Army who had been killed.

They ordered all places of amusement to be closed under penalty of being blown up.

At that time the great majority of Irish people were prone to obey. They knew that the I.R.A. would carry out any threats; and they would rather defy the Government than the I.R.A.

The manager of the Scala Theatre, where the fight was to be staged, requested the promoters to change the date. No doubt they would have been quite willing to do so but for the fact that the Government took a hand in the affair.

Thus the Siki-McTigue boxing contest now became a trial of strength between the Free State Government and the I.R.A.

I had to call on the manager of the Scala to ask him a few questions, and I found him in tears. He was completely overcome. When he found his voice he bewailed his fate in a way that made me feel very sorry for him.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "If I don't open the theatre I'll get shoved in gaol for not obeying a Government order; and if I do open the whole place will be blown sky-high, and where shall I be?"

I could not tell him.

GUNMAN INTERVENES.

I tried to soothe his feelings with a few commonplace remarks and left him. As I was

greatly as that of the professionals. The best might make more than a professional. Others made less than £1 a week.

Foreign golfers coming to Britain for the big competitions spent large sums. Sarazen once estimated his expenses at £100 a week. A good win enhancing the reputation made the expenditure worth while. He said that the

halfway down the long staircase I found further progress barred by a young officer of the Free State Army and a squad of men with fixed bayonets.

Pushing his revolver into my ribs, the leader commanded me to open up the place at once and to put all lights on. He had taken me to be the manager.

I directed him to that much-harassed man and left. That theatre had to be kept open every night and fully lighted until the night of the fight, which was still some ten days off.

The promoters were now worried lest Siki should get wind of what was afoot. They doubled the guard on his training quarters, following an attempt to kidnap him.

Fortunately, he could not understand more than half-a-dozen words of English, and these were confined to technical terms of the ring, otherwise no power on earth would have sent him into that ring on his feet.

It was fortunate also that the manager who did accompany him to Dublin was a very wide-awake individual. He spoke perfect English, and appeared to be a born diplomat. He deserved full marks for the way he handled the most difficult fighter any manager has been called upon to advise.

The supreme test came on the day following the Government's order that the fight was to go on as arranged.

A letter found its way to the training camp. It was addressed to Battling Siki, and as it was written in English, he handed it to his manager and asked him to read it to him.

DEATH SENTENCE.

Casually, the Frenchman glanced at the letter, and without batting an eyelid, rendered his translation thus (except, of course, that it was in French): "My dear Battling Siki, this is from a group of your admirers, who wish to give you a warm welcome to Ireland. We are coming to see you fight, and we feel sure you will win. Good luck to you."

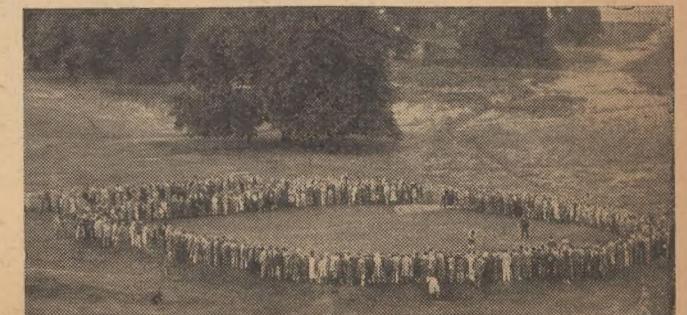
A few moments later he handed me the letter to read, murmuring "Not a whisper." I read it, and took a deep breath to avoid expressing any surprise. The letter was from the Irish Republican Army.

It was to the effect that as March 17 had been declared a day of national mourning, Siki was hereby warned that if he disregarded the I.R.A. instruction to abstain from fighting on that date he would be sentenced to death.

British Open was worth £40,000 to him.

Biggest expenditure in golf is perhaps at the "19th hole."

There is no method of calculating it. But with a million players even a modest round of drinks at the 19th every week would make a big sum. Wagers also took considerable sums. Most players would limit them to half-a-crown on the game, but £100 was not unknown.



USELESS EUSTACE



"Really, Private Pinwell, there's a time and place for everything!"

ODD QUOTES

No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

Dr. Johnson.

The best reason why monarchy is a strong government is that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other.

Walter Bagehot

(1826-1877).

A severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions said that "the cure for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it."

Walter Bagehot

(1826-1877).

J.S. Newcombe's

Short odd - But true

The low-crowned felt hat known as a billycock or bowler took its name from Mr. William Coke, or Billy Coke, the man who introduced it to society, and some old-established hatters still call it a "Coke hat."

On the Island of Teneriffe is a huge orange tree 6,000 years old which is still bearing fruit.

The British destroyer "Zubian" was a composite ship made from two destroyers, "Zulu" and "Nubian," the former of which lost its bow and the latter its stern in the First World War. The two good halves were joined together and renamed with the composite name "Zubian."

What is probably the world's record ride on a horse was made by a Cossack cavalry lieutenant named Peschkov, who rode 5,100 miles from Eastern Siberia to Leningrad, with the temperature at places 50 degrees below zero, in just over five months. He and his horse were perfectly fit on their arrival at Leningrad.

JANE



An Ape Stole a Razor . . . Murder!

THE sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honour of a gentleman that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never dream.

"Now, the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honour to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me, God," said he, after a brief pause, "I will tell you all I know about this affair—but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I am innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was in substance this: He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curio-

Concluding Murders in the Rue Morgue By EDGAR ALLAN POE

sity of his neighbours, he kept it carefully secluded until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

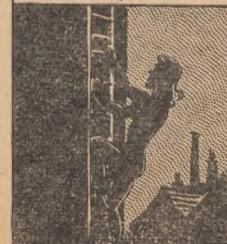
Returning home from some sailor's frolic on the night, or rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet.

Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning.



still trembling from her experience, poor Jane comes down to earth—via the fire escape....



In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth storey of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor, but when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room.

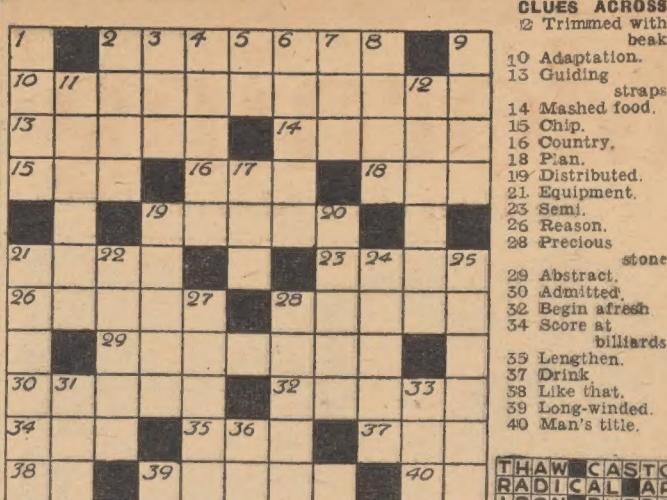
At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night-clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor.

The victims must have been sitting with their backs towards the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-outang into those of wrath.

With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood in-

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
12 Trimmed with
beak.
10 Adaptation.
13 Guiding
straps.
14 Mashed food.
15 Chip.
16 Country.
18 Plan.
19 Distributed.
21 Equipment.
23 Semi.
26 Reason.
28 Precious
stone.
29 Abstract.
30 Admitted.
32 Begin afresh.
34 Score at
billiards.
35 Lengthen.
37 Drink.
38 Like that.
39 Long-winded.
40 Man's title.

THAW CASTOR
RADICAL APE
IRON RUBBED
PEP GAME R
PTAUT SPAR
EMERY TEASE
RODE CUTS S
ST COIN TIP
RIBAND GIBE
IVY CERAMIC
PEEPER PEST

CLUES DOWN.

1 Fat. 2 Formal. 3 Doubled. 4 Result. 5 For instance. 6 Indian state. 7 Bird. 8 Skin. 9 Walk. 10 Publisher's critic. 11 Almost. 17 Old saying. 19 Stone fruit. 20 Leading melody. 21 Lively dances. 22 Representative. 23 Centre of amphitheatre. 25 Viola. 27 Duck. 28 Tire-some folk. 31 Court. 33 Tree. 36 Initials of defeat.

flamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired.

Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, which no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear.

Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved.

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

A motorist once gave an old lady a lift in his sports car. Just as they reached 90 m.p.h. the car swerved and hit a tree, throwing both the occupants clear. The old lady picked herself up and turned round to the motorist. "Thank you for the trip," she said. "It was certainly fine. But what puzzles me is, how do you stop if there aren't any trees about?"

There are many people about nowadays with a keen sense of rumour.

WANGLING WORDS—230

1.—Put a man's name in PREY, and get a horse.

2.—Rearrange the letters of TEN PIES, and make a famous sculptor.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BLUE into COAT, FARM into GIRL, PAPER into NOTES, BARE into BACK.

4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from COMPREHENSIBLE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 229

1.—HEathens.
2.—THAILAND.

3.—BOIL, COIL, COIN,
CORN, BORN, BOON, SOON,
SOOT, SOFT

WEEK, LEEK, LEES, LENS,
LENT, RENT.

RIVER, LIVER, LOVER,
COVER, COVES, COMES,
HOMES, HOLES, SOLES,
SALES, DALES.

MAY, DAY, DAW, DEW, DEC,
4.—Side, Dice, Pine, Pile, Slid,

Snip, Spin, Line, Disc, Dine,
Cig, Lien, Scar, Scan, Raid,

Pair, Pain, Aria, etc.

Lines, Piles, Spine, Spice,

Plain, Plaid, Panic, Scalp,

Scarp, Radii, Acids, etc.

and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather than gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, mingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

END

QUIZ
for today

1. A monet is an Indian dancer, piece of music, woman's head-dress, sweet herb, fish, poultice?

2. Who wrote (a) John Splendid, (b) John Silence?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Dungeness, Beachy Head, North Foreland, Selsey Bill, Cape Cornwall, Cape Wrath.

4. What well-known comedian is also an astronomer?

5. What did Lars Porsena swear by?

6. Who won the Oaks in 1942?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Phlegmatic, Salsify, Abbreviate, Dogmatic, Canctice.

8. Gas was first used for lighting London streets in: 1807, 1817, 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857?

9. What instrument is played by Al Bollington?

10. What is the capital of Madagascar?

11. Which King of England was known as Gentleman George?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) Pink —, (b) Blue —.

Answer to Quiz
in No. 274

1. Plant.

2. (a) St. John Ervine, (b) Sir Arthur Pinero.

3. Woodlouse is not an insect; others are.

4. At Flores in the Azores.

5. Lord Somers.

6. Mr. J. V. Rank, with Why Hurry?

7. Cauldron, Cavatina.

8. Clarinet.

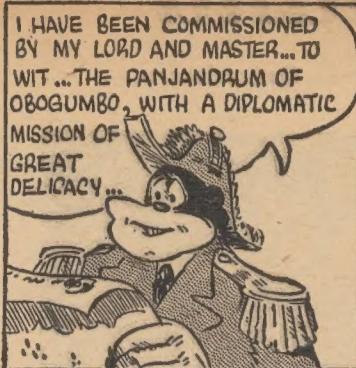
9. Fifty.

10. Eight.

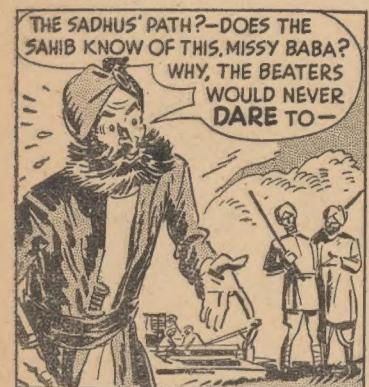
11. San Jose.

12. (a) The door, (b) The cupboard.

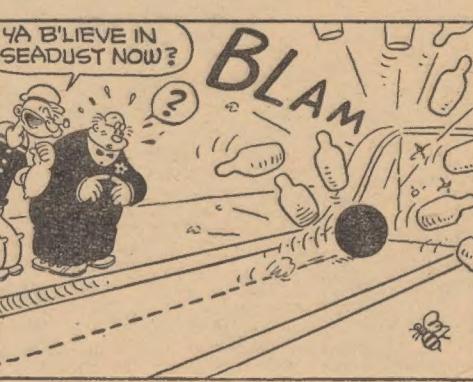
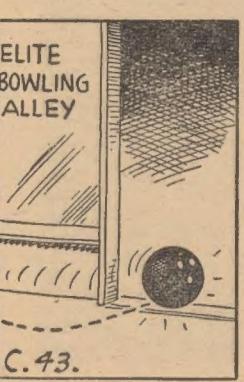
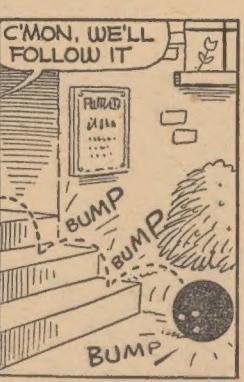
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



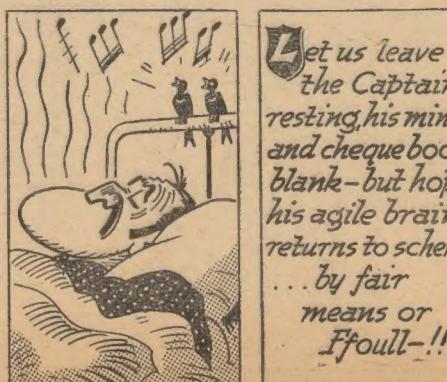
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

UNITY OF BELIEF.

THERE is no hope of unity of belief in a world where belief is often a matter of temperament, and, in most cases, due to the accident of birth, if that can be called an accident. Unity of belief, if it could be achieved, would be a disaster. There may be only one Truth, but it can be approached by many different paths. Does it matter how it is approached, so long as it is reached?

St. John Ervine.

SATISFIED WITH THINGS?

PROPOSALS for better and cleaner houses, new parks gay with flowers, and demands for better social and cultural standards, are always met by the objection that the people are satisfied with things as they are, and if the enthusiast goes even farther and wants to organise the people's leisure hours, he comes up against an unshakeable conviction that the ordinary man would rather sit at peace over a glass of beer in the "local." He is told that it is only the exceptions who go to theatres, concerts and lectures, or who save their money for travel in foreign countries. Yet if one chances to enter one of these domains of culture, one does not usually get the impression of being amongst nothing but rare and exceptional people.

Theodor Broch (Former Mayor of Narvik).

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

IN times of Party Government, even, it is plainly wrong to attack every measure of one's opponents, when they happen to be in any given instance right... The sole object of any party is, or ought to be, by uniting, to try to obtain that which its adherents believe to be for the good of the country.

Maurice Petherick, M.P.

WOMEN v. MEN WORKERS.

IT is quite obvious that there will never be peace in industry, or in the home either, till women are given equal pay for equal work. Until this is done, women workers will always be used as a weapon against men workers, as a means of keeping down wages as a whole. Equal pay for equal work, coupled with family allowances and other social security measures, would introduce a new and infinitely different spirit into industry and home life, with the greatest benefit to both.

Miss O. M. Berger.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

IF you want to get rid of class distinctions, the simplest way is to give everyone the same income. This, I think, is neither practical nor desirable, but it is practical to give everybody the same educational chances by putting them through the same educational system, and taking it out of a rich man's power to buy a superior brand of education for his children just because he has got a balance at the bank.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

WORLD PEACE.

NOT Great Britain only, but the British Commonwealth and Empire must be the fourth Power in that group upon which, under Providence, the peace of the world will henceforth depend. The unity of the Commonwealth is no mere British interest. So far from being an obstacle, it is a condition necessary to that working partnership with the United States, Russia and China to which we look if we are to play our rightful part in the preservation of peace.

Lord Halifax.

TEACHERS.

MOST men who are at first attracted by the thought of teaching cannot afford to ignore altogether the conditions and prospects before them. At the moment most teachers in elementary schools, and many in secondary schools, have to deal with classes of a size which makes individual attention impossible, for a salary which at the start often compares unfavourably with what their pupils earn on leaving school to-day, and at the end of a long service is no more than that of a foreman in a large engineering works.

The Headmaster of Rugby.

CONDEMNATION.

THE ignorance and the national and religious conceit of the English-speaking peoples is bad enough, but all over the world you will find parallel systems of ignorance and stupidity. Islam, the Comintern, the various Christian orthodoxies, the financial mandarinate of China, Shinto, and so forth, are all dark mental prisons into which the heirs to our world are thrust before they have a glimpse of the daylight. Totalitarianism, Holism, the Herrenvolk delusion, is only the culminating expression of a widespread obscurantism which is leading us all towards irrevocable disaster.

H. G. Wells.

Good Morning

This England

Where time stands still. A garden in Oxfordshire.

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



AND THE SAME TO YOU



A spot of sun-
shine for, and
from, R.K.O.
star, Lucille
Ball.

A FEW BARS IN THE
DESERT SONG



THE
"LOOKOUT"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I always was a
sun-wor-
shipper."

